THE BUCK-SKIN BREECHES.

BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.

Grandpapas all were once little boys—
Is not that a remarkable posse?
Devoted to toys,
Nonsense and noise,
Addicted to jack-stones and similar joys,
Crazy for races with Rover and Tozer,
Yet forced to sit still and say, "Yes, sir," and
"No, sir!"
And the boys of all time, experience teaches,
Have their first new hats and their first new
breeches.

Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Six!
That is the date—like a burr it sticks;
For grandpapa told it, many's the while,
As he spoke of the past with a sigh and a smile;
The wondrous year,
To memory dear,
Which of all his youth rose up most clear,
When his homespun suit was kicked to the rear;
When his father took him o'er dale and down,
Three hundred miles to the Quaker town,
And in bliss that humanity rarely reaches,
He donned his first buff buck-skin breeches.

Grandpapa had a most notable sire—
Brave, the old General, and stout and true;
Prompted by honor and duteous ire,
He pledged himself with the noble few—
Look in the list,
It cannot be missed,
He wrote it himself with his resolute fist;
Among the old signers his name you will see,
Beginning with "William" and ending with "d";
Strong to bear stress in Church and State,
He wanted his boy to be just as great.

"This lad of mine," said the fervid sire,
"I'd like him filled with a patriot's fire!"
So, to foster the feeling, what did he do
But buy him the suit of a patriot true:
Waistcoat of buff,
Surcoat of blue,
Queer-cornered hat of a somber hue,
Buckles of silver, shining and new,
Stockings of silk, to the knee each reaches,
And a sumptuous pair of buck-skin breeches.

There was the happiest boy in creation!
What cared he for the great Declaration,
The throes of a kingdom, the birth of a nation?
Matters of state,
Little or great,
Hearts of oak that compelled their fate,
Sacredest vows and death-drawn speeches—
He'd have sold them all for his buck-skin breeches!

But alas, for the bliss of the bounding heart!
A slip, and the cup and the lip must part;
A breath, and the sweet becomes a smart;
A flash, and the smile has grown a tear;
A space, and the boy is crying, "Oh dear!
The hour is near,
The breeches are here,
But I can't get into them, that's quite clear!
I can't get in, nor anywhere near!"

"Can't!" said the General, and frowning heard,
While the soldier's pride in his breast was stirred.
"Never, again, sir, utter that word!
You're a free-born man,
That always can,
And must, and shall perfect his plan!
See that your aim be just and right,
Then clear your way with a dauntless might!
Leave 'can'ts' to cowards that fear the fight!

"Come, Pomp and Cæsar!" he quickly cried,
"Catch hold here, both of you, one on a side;
The suit is right, but the boy is too wide;
Now firmly take it,
And thoroughly shake it,
And if it won't bend, why then we'll break it;
Many a pillow too plump for the case
Has to be shaken down into its place!"

So the fat little boy was put in at the top,
While the breeches were shaken, flippety-flop;
They tossed him up with a jump and a hop,
They settled him down with a sudden pop,
And with every jerk the deeper he'd drop,
Till, finally, word was given to stop,
The boy was in
As snug as a pin;
Pomp and Cæsar were all of a grin,
And the breeches fitted as tight as his skin.

Ah, that was the spirit of Seventy-Six!
It wouldn't confess itself caught in a fix;
If there was a way, 'twouldn't find and take it;
If there wasn't a way, 'twould speedily make it;
When laws were vexing, or breeches straight,
It rarely tarried to ruminate,
But coushed its lance, and conquered fate!
Yet happily, still
Its place we can fill—
Can span the deep the river, or breast the hill,
Or leap the abyss with a hero's thrill;
For a golden heart and an iron will
Are the lords of every earthly ill.
—*St. Nicholas for September.*

THE RIGHT BOWER.

It was Judge Lurlington's own expression.

Half a dozen lawyers, fresh from their studies, and just admitted to the bar, were listening to his advice. The old jurist had a bottle of wine at his elbow, and was in a communicative mood.

"Young men," he said, "whatever may be your strait, never take a case before a jury, or before any court, unless you have your right bower for a head."

If the reader surmises from this that the old Judge was fond of euchre, he will not have surmised amiss.

The young men looked at him inquiringly.

"I mean," he added, "that you shall never advocate a cause into the work of which you cannot enter with a clear conscience. You shall never accept a client whose cause you do not believe to be just."

"Can that rule always be adhered to?" asked one of the listeners.

"It can," answered Lurlington, emphatically. "It is a lawyer's firm rock of foundation, and the only sure point of departure to the respect and confidence of his fellows."

"Have you always followed that rule, Judge?"

"I was never tempted from it but once," he replied. "I will tell you the story if you would like to hear it."

Of course they would like to; and having laid aside his pipe, the old man began:

"One day I was waited upon by a man who gave his name as Laban Sarfurt. He was of middle-age, well-dressed, and at first sight appeared to be a gentleman; but the illusion was dispelled when approaching business. He was hard and unfeeling, and naturally a villain. Success in speculation had saved him from becoming a thief or a highwayman. I heard of him as a heavy dealer in the up-river lands. He asked me if I was willing to undertake a job which would call me to Shireton. I told him I was open to anything legitimate that would pay."

"Mr. Lurlington," said he, tapping me with coarse familiarity upon the arm, "I want to secure your services; you must not be engaged on the other side."

"I told him if he would explain to me the case I might be better able to give him an answer. He bit an enormous quid of tobacco from a black plug, and having got it into shape between his jaws he went on with his story.

"The case is one of ejectment. An elderly man, named Philip Acton, had died leaving a valuable estate. There was nearly 1,000 acres of land, with opportunities for developing immense water power; and ere many years that land would be worth more than $1,000,000. At present upon the estate, and claiming it as a son of the deceased, was a man calling himself William Acton."

"But," said Sarfut, "he is not a legitimate child at all. His mother was Betsy Totwood, at one time a girl in Acton's employ. Acton, I know, was never married. He brought the boy up and educated him, and now the fellow thinks he will step into his protector's shoes. I can prove that I am the only living relative of Philip Acton. He was my uncle—my mother's brother—and, to a lawyer as smart as you there can be no difficulty in proving my title. I can bring the witnesses to your hand."

"He told me he would give me $500 if I would undertake the case, and an additional $1,000 if I gained. That was a big fee—far more than I had then made in all my pleading. It was tempting. And yet I saw that it was not yet perfectly clear—not entirely honest. The probability was that this William Acton was Philip's child; and it was not impossible that Philip had married Betsy Totwood. It struck me that Laban Sarfurt was a villain, and that he fancied he had young Acton so far in his power that he could eject him from the title. But what had I particularly to do with that? If I accepted a client, I must serve him. I had no business but to serve his interest. I finally told Mr. Sarfurt that I would think the matter over. I should probably have business in Shireton during the session of the court, and I would call on him there and examine more fully. I could not take his retainer until I had further light."

"But," said he, "will you promise not to take up for the other side?"

"I told him I would do nothing without further consultation with him."

"Because," he added, "if you are for me I am sure to win. Acton can't find a lawyer that can hold a candle to you. I know them all."

"No matter whether I believed him or not, I did not feel flattered."

"Two weeks later I received a letter from Sarfurt, promising me $5,000 if I won.

"The $5,000 was a strong argument. Was not law really a game of chance, in which the strongest hand and longest purse must win? I told myself yes. Yes—and I sat down and wrote a reply, saying that I would take the case. But I did not mail it at once. That night I put it under my pillow, and slept over it; and on the following morning I threw it into the fire. I would not make up my mind until I had seen other parties—until I had been on the grounds. And I wrote to Laban Sarfurt to wait.

"Two weeks later I harnessed my horse to the wagon, and, with my wife and child, started for Shireton. I had been married two years, and our little babe, a girl, was a year old, our pride, our pet, and our darling. Shireton was a distance of about thirty miles. We had been having rainy weather for a week or so, and it had now cleared off bright and beautiful. We stopped and took dinner at a wayside inn, four miles beyond which was a stream which must be forded. The inn-keeper told me that the stream was somewhat swollen from the late rains, but that if my horse was trusty there could be no danger.

"Arrived at the stream, the Wampatuck river, I found the water indeed risen, and the current strong, but I saw that others had recently gone over, and I resolved to venture. I knew my horse, and had faith in him. My wife was anxious, but she trusted my judgment. A third of the way across the water was over the hub of the wheels. A little more and it would have reached the body of the wagon. I began to be alarmed; I feared I had left the true track. Presently my horse stumbled and staggered, having evidently stepped on a moving stone. The wagon swayed and tipped, and the flood poured in upon us. My wife slipped, and in a moment more we were in the water. With one hand I grasped the harness upon the horse, and with the other I held my wife. I was thus struggling when a wild cry from her lips startled the air. Our child was washed away.

"Oh, my soul! I cannot tell you what I suffered during those moments. I could not help our darling. If I left my wife she was lost. I clung to the horse and clung to my shrieking wife—shrieking to God for mercy for her child. In the distance upon the bosom of the surging flood I could see our little one, her white dress gleaming in the sun, being borne swiftly away. A moment more and I saw a man plunge from the bank into the river. I saw this much, and then an intervening point of land shut out the scene. The horse was now rapidly nearing the shore, and ere long my wife and I were on dry land, with the horse and wagon. As soon as I was sure my wife was safe I left her to care for the horse while I posted off down the river bank in quest of the swimmer and the child.

"You may well understand that all this time I was frantic. I was a machine being operated upon by a surging and agonizing emotion. How long or how far I wandered I do not know, but at length I met a man, wet and dripping, with my darling in his arms, my darling safe and sound. He told me that he had caught the child within a few rods of the falls, and that in landing he had cleared the fatal abyss by not more than two yards. He was a young man, not more than 25, handsome and stalwart. He said he had seen my wagon tip, and was coming to my assistance when he saw the child washed away. 'I threw my life into the balance,' said he with a genial smile, 'and, thank God! both the lives were saved!'

"I asked him how I should ever repay him. He stopped me with an imploring gesture:

"'If you talk of more pay than I have already received,' he said, 'if you can rob me of the only solid reward I can claim, mercy! if saving the life of such a cherub is not enough of reward in itself, then hard is the heart that can crave more.' And, with moistened eyes, he told me that he had a child of his own at home—an only child of very nearly the same age.

"I asked if he would tell me his name. With a smile, he answered that his name did not matter—he was not sure that he had a name. I then asked him if he knew me. He nodded, and said he thought I might be Mr. Lurlington, of Walbridge. When I told him he was correct, he said he must hurry home. And with that he turned away. I was too deeply moved to stop him, and when he had disappeared I started to rejoin my wife with a dawning impression that the man might be slightly deranged. But my darling was safe—her broad, fleecy cloak had floated out and kept her head above water—and I went on my way rejoicing, resolved that the preserver of my child should not be forgotten.

"I will not tell you of the emotion of my wife when she held her child once more in her arms. We reached Shireton before night, and found quarters at a comfortable tavern.

"On the following day Laban Sarfurt called upon me and was about to spread his evidence for my inspection, when I interrupted him. I told him I could not accept his confidence until I made up my mind to take his case in hand. Something seemed to whisper that there was danger ahead. I did not feel comfortable in that man's presence. I felt as though he was trying to buy me. The court would sit in four days. I told him I would give him a final answer in two days from that.

"That evening I made a confidant of my wife, and asked her what I should do. 'If I take the case,' I said, 'I am sure of $5,000.' She bade me do what was right. 'God has been very kind to us,' she said, 'Let us look to Him for guidance.'

"After this I called on the clergyman of the place, whose son had been my classmate in college, and whom I had once before visited. He received me heartily, and by-and-by I asked him about William Acton. The result of all he told me is summed up in his closing sentence. Said he:

"'I am sure William Acton was Philip Acton's child—in fact I know it—and I think the father and mother were married. Betsey died very soon after her child was born, and we know that Philip always treated the boy as a legitimate child; and that he loved him as such I can confidently affirm.'"

"On the following morning, after breakfast, as I sat by the window in the bar-room, I saw coming from the street the man who had saved my child. He was walking slowly, like one in trouble. I pointed him out to my host, and asked him who he was.

"'That is William Acton. Perhaps you have heard of the trouble he is likely to have with Laban Sarfurt?'

"I said I had heard.

"'I hope he may come out all right,' the host added; 'but I am fearful. He has got a hard and heartless customer to deal with.'

"I shut my mouth and held my peace until Laban Sarfurt called for his final answer. I said to him:

"Mr. Sarfurt, I have been considering all this time whether I could undertake your case with a clear conscience—whether I should be helping the side of justice and right in helping you. I had concluded that I could not do so before I had seen William Acton, to know him by name. I now know him for a man who nobly risked his own life to save the life of my child. For that deed I will reward him if I can. I have not, as yet, accepted one of your private disclosures; I have gained from you nothing which you could wish to keep from the public. I cannot take your case, but, I tell you frankly, that if you prosecute, I will defend William Acton.

"I did not mind Sarfurt's wrath. He raved and swore and stamped, and then he went off and engaged two lawyers from Herkimer to take his case. I called upon Acton, and told him I would defend him, if he would accept my services, as I had accepted his. He took my hand and thanked me.

"I have made a great many pleas in my life, but I think I never made a better one than I made to that jury on that occasion. They were out not over five minutes. By their verdict William Acton was the lawful possessor of the estate his father had left.

"From that day I never hesitated to refuse a case to which I could not give my heart. Such a stand on the part of a lawyer becomes known, and the public feels it; and what the public feels juries are sure to feel.

"Concerning William Acton, I will only add that he became my bosom friend. He always felt that he owed his title to his valuable property to me; and I knew that to him I was indebted for the home that was mine for thirty years. He was very delicate in the gift of that piece of property. He deeded it to my wife. The husband of my oldest daughter is his oldest son."

Died With His Boots On.

A Pueblo (Cal.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes: Tim Shay, a noted gambler, died with his boots on, at La Junta, about sixty miles east of here, yesterday, and this is how it came to pass. On Sunday evening, while Shay was engaged playing a game of poker with certain parties, he stole $20 from them. A dispute arose afterward betwen Shay and his confreres in the game as to who was entitled to the money, and the matter was finally referred to Rufe Edwards, keeper of a dance-house, for settlement. Edwards decided against Shay, and returned the money to the rightful owner. At this Shay was much enraged, and swore that he would kill Edwards on sight, but was kept away from Edwards during that night. Edwards, having been informed of Shay's threat, called to see him yesterday morning, and inquired if he had made any such remark. Shay at first denied that he had done so, but finally said to Edwards: "I have just $20, and I'll go and buy a six-shooter and kill you on sight." After this threat Edwards retired to his dance-hall and loaded a double-barreled shot-gun with buck-shot. He then went into the street, and noticed Shay coming toward him. Shay immediately tried to draw his revolver, but Edwards was too quick for him, and fired both barrels of his gun, the charges taking effect in the left side of Shay's chest, tearing a ghastly hole therein. Shay was the last of a gang of roughs who have infested Southeastern Colorado and Western Kansas for a number of years. Most of them have died with their boots on, after having killed several men each, and Shay was no exception to the rule.

How to Grow Fat.

1. Take soup and beer every day, also hot milk-coffee or chocolate well sweetened. 2. Let your food be chiefly farinaceous and vegetable; bread with butter or milk; milk-mush, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, etc., prepared with butter; sweet puddings. 3. Eat meat only once a day; the fatter kinds are most suitable. 4. Take neither acid nor alkalis, and avoid every thing that disagrees. Milk, butter and sugar are very fattening, but everybody cannot take them with impunity, and to grow fat it is essential that digestion be almost perfect. 5. Sleep all you want, and take exercise in moderation.

A NEVADA TRAGEDY.

Love, Marriage, and Murder—A Band of Assassins Kill the Wrong Man.

[Austin (Nev.) Cor. San Francisco Post.]

The driver of the Ione stage communicates the following particulars of a dastardly assassination which was committed at Isabel's ranche, on Reese river, about thirty-one miles from this city, about 9 o'clock last night. In order that the particulars as given may be fully understood, it will be necessary to explain that the ranches of John Wixom and Mr. Isabel adjoin, and that a few weeks ago the daughter of John Wixom and the son of Isabel were married unknown to the parents of the young lady. Miss Wixom being scarcely 14 years of age, and young Isabel not having reached his 17th, the match was regarded by the young lady's parents and friends as being very undesirable, and annoyed them greatly. As soon as the wedding ceremony was over they succeeded in inducing the misguided girl to return to her home, where she has since resided. Steps were being taken to have the boy arrested for perjury in falsely swearing that the girl was of age, but he left the country to avoid being apprehended. The parents of the boy Isabel, on the contrary, considered the match in a favorable light, and have regarded the action of the young lady's parents in keeping her away from her husband as an act of oppression. Dr. Wixom, a physician of this city and brother to John Wixom, sent his buggy yesterday to the ranche of the latter, and a suspicion appears to have arisen that Dr. Wixom had arrived at the ranche for the purpose of removing his niece, Mrs. Isabel, *nee* Wixom, to this city. Later in the evening John Stoner, an employe of a Mr. Becker, a neighboring farmer, arrived at Wixom's for the purpose of spending the evening, and shortly after his arrival proposed taking a ride in the doctor's buggy, accompanied by Barney McCann and John Ryan. He drove in the direction of Isabel's ranche, distant about a quarter of a mile. Upon reaching the house six persons arose from the bush and fired into the buggy, killing John Stoner instantly. A shot-gun was pointed and discharged at Barney McCann, who knocked the barrel aside and escaped with a badly burned face. The body of Stoner then fell from the buggy, and the horses ran away, the entire body of the assassins pursuing and firing into the buggy, the top and bottom of which is riddled with buckshot and bullets. Dr. Wixom did not accompany his buggy to the ranche of his brother, and the intention of the assassins was thus defeated. The assassination has created a good deal of excitement, and a strong force is now in pursuit of the murderers.

Vanderbilt's Children.

Commodore Vanderbilt has ten living children, two sons and eight daughters; some thirty-odd grandchildren, and half a dozen great grandchildren—one, a son of William H., being a man grown. The probable shape of the will is being discussed. It is understood that William H. Vanderbilt, the older son, will be well provided for, and endowed with a large part of the railroad interests which his father has managed with such consummate skill. This city is full of gossip concerning the probable provision that will be made for the other son, Cornelius J. Vanderbilt. Those who believe the Commodore to be a man of stern justice think the second son will be endowed with some important railroad interest, while others accept the current rumor that he will be classified with the daughters, and, like them, receive only a small portion of the estate. Cornelius is a man of perhaps 40. For thirty years of his life, beginning in infancy, he was the victim of an affliction from which few ever recover, and which entirely incapacitated him for any exertion whatever. Some eight years ago he began to throw it off, and his constitution has now acquired nearly its normal tone. He is tall, about six feet, and a slight stoop of the shoulders betrays a mark of the disease which he has conquered. He has a thin, high head, clear blue eyes, facile speech, an earnest manner, and quick, expressive gestures. He dresses with neat plainness, and looks more like a Methodist minister without a parish than a son of the great commercial millionaire. He has a very good education (and how he attained it with his disabilities is a wonder), and much more literary taste and ability than any other Vanderbilt. He is social, amiable, affable and popular, and much liked by a wide circle of acquaintances, who, like the buzzing city outside, wonder whether the stern old man will brand him as a social pariah, or give him a liberal "setting-up" in business. —*New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.*

Five Thousand Billions of Grasshoppers.

It has been reserved for a Colorado correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* to tell the biggest grasshopper story of the season: "About 10 o'clock in the morning our attention was called to a rumbling, dismal sound, as of many earthquakes, and immediately the air was darkened, the sun hidden from view by myriads—thousands of bushels—of these terrible insects, which in a few moments began to settle down upon the gardens and fields in every direction. For an hour or two all hands, men, women and children, sallied forth, armed with every conceivable weapon, to fight the hoppers off our garden. But all in vain. While we men were driving off one thousand billions, four times as many more would settle behind us, over and all around us, until in utter despair we were glad to beat an inglorious retreat to the house. They filled and covered everything. The vegetation, the earth, fences, stables, houses and all, were literally black or brown with them, and in the ditches and hollows they lay or crawled from two to four inches deep."

To Determine the Age of Eggs.

An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may be easily seen by holding it toward a candle or the sun; and, when shaken, a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days, it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface and project above in proportion to its increased age.

Stages of National Life.

A writer in the *British Quarterly Review* has said that nations may be said roughly to pass through three stages of growth:

Firstly, the youthful stage; thinly peopled, exporting natural produce, and importing luxuries.

Secondly, the self-subsistent stage; well peopled, consuming their own produce, and manufacturing their own goods.

Thirdly, the most dependent stage; densely peopled, exporting manufactures and luxuries, and importing natural produce.

Holland, Great Britain, Switzerland and Belgium have already passed into the third and most dependent stage, and with the increase of population other nations must infallibly do so as well. A few years ago England was able to feed her own people from the produce of her own fields; she now buys grain to the annual value of more than £12,000,000, besides relying on foreign raw material for employment, foreign markets for the disposal of her manufactures, foreign land for the disposal of one or two hundred thousand of her surplus population.

Such being the new and unforseen condition of national life, may they not ultimately be found to be utterly incompatible with the old method of settling national disputes by force of arms, a war inflicting such intolerable injury on a neutral State as to necessitate the adoption of some other method of settling national disputes than one which has ceased to secure even approximate justice?

About Silver.

The resolutions introduced in Congress go over ground that has been very carefully covered by a report of the House of Commons, and to which little can be added. The report covers twelve points, which are, in substance, as follows:

"First, the annual production of silver has increased from $40,000,000 in 1863 to $70,000,000 in 1875; second, the United States has increased its product of silver; third, Germany has from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000 of silver to dispose of; fourth, Sweden and Norway have demonetized silver; fifth, Austria has in four years gotten rid of $17,000,000 in silver currency; sixth, Italy has substituted the rag baby for silver money to the extent of $85,000,000 in ten years; seventh, the English Government sells $50,000,000 worth of bills on India, which replaces that much bullion sent twenty years ago; and, eighth, the gross remittances of silver to India during the past four years have been $60,000,000 instead of $144,000,000 in the four years previous. On the other hand: ninth, France has in four years bought $167,000,000 in silver; tenth, England, Russia and Spain still buy silverr; eleventh, Japan and China and other eastern nations absorb a great deal of it; and, twelfth, India is still a customerr."

The Black Flag of the Turks.

When the Turks get into a particularly distressed condition in times of war, they unfold to the breeze, for the inspiration of their ignorant and superstitious soldiery, the famous and original standard of "the Prophet." This banner is now carried in the battles against the rebellious provinces in Turkey, indicating the heat and extremity of the struggle in that country. The "holy" flag, which is believed to have been hung before the tent of Mahomet's pet wife, is preerved with pious veneration, being wrapped in forty-two coverings of satin and locked in a costly chest placed in a sort of chapel, in the inmost recesses of the Sultan's seraglio, and has only been unfurled in a few critical periods in the nation's history. It means "death to the Christians." It is a flag of deep black in color, and from this fact has doubtless been derived the expression of "unfurling the black flag," which means to fight the enemy with no quarter, except that which is indicated in the words "cut and quarter."

Knights of Pythias.

At a meeting of the Supreme Lodge of the World of the Knights of Pythias, held at Philadelphia last week, the annual report of the Supreme Keeper of Records and Seals was read, showing that the order has now 96,276 members; initiated during the last year, 11,276; admitted by card, 966; reinstalled, 1,080; withdrawn, 1,647; suspended, 12,809; deceased, 844. The receipts of the Grand Lodges have been $72,913.24; expenditures, $60,193.72; amount on hand, $18,897.88. The total receipts of the subordinate lodges have been $888,062.14; expenditures, $736,217.70; amount paid for the relief of brothers, $191,666.18; families, $9,279.61; for burying the dead, $48,866.45; education of orphans, $1,121.84; total relief, $262,528.48. Pennsylvania has 430 lodges and a membership of 39,318; New York is second, with 710 lodges and 6,065 members; New Jersey has 106 lodges and 6,131 members; Maryland, 91 lodges and 6,780 members; Ohio next, with 94 lodges and 5,788 members.

A Branch of A. T. Stewart & Co. in Chicago.

The leading dry goods houses of Chicago have for several years been buying in Europe instead of New York. A. T. Stewart & Co. are to open, next month, a huge dry goods house in Chicago and to make a straight bid for the country trade. Their agent, Sabin K. Smith, told a reporter of the *Post* they "would take a stand from the start as though they had been established for ten years in Chicago; there would be no questions about time, style, credit, or anything, but they would continue their trade as they had been doing in New York, saying to their country customers on their way East, stop right here and get your goods, and save the journey."

LO, THE poor Indian at Niagara, got high a few nights ago and broke some window glass. Fine, $10!

A FANTASY.

BY MARY M. STRINGER.

If I awoke some morn,
And down the stair descending all forlorn
Of wonted faces found the world below—
No mother's smile, no kiss, no baby's crow,
No sister taking up the thread, half spun,
Of last night's talk (some talks are never done)

Outside the door
If then I wended, seeking soft Lenore,
Or welcome, stately sweet, of Lady Clare,
Or stayed my step at gracious Anna's stair,
Or sought gay Lili for a tilt of words,
Keen and inspiriting as tourney swords;

And here and there,
For whisper of the wise, smile of the fair,
For all gay courtesies, lightsome pleasantries,
For the dark splendor of some gorgeous eyes,
For even thee, soul-comrade, if a bare,
Blank, very vacancy should on me stare;

If then should speak
Some right-authentic angel, "They you seek
All like a dream have vanished; but a dream
In truth they ever were; they did but seem;
Phantasms were they, figments, fantasies,
Projections of thy own thought, only these,"

Ah me! alas!
If all this gramarye should come to pass,
I think I should believe him—should believe;
Nor would his disenchantment deeply grieve,
Nor greatly startle, nor bewilder me,
Soul-comrade, save 'twere also told of thee!
—*Scribner for September.*

Wit and Humor.

TIME, in youth, goes as slow as a hack hired by the hour.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., claims to have the dirtiest jail in America.

A BOSTON waiter, the other day, on being reprimanded for his inattentiveness, replied: "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THERE is nothing makes an old bachelor so made as to have a young lady stop a horse-car and keep it waiting while she kisses a friend.—*New Orleans Republican.*

EDITH—I say, Regy, how is it that one of our cows is brown and the other white? Reginald—Why, you silly, any one knows that! It's the white cow that gives the milk, and the brown cow the coffee!—*Fun.*

THERE is a real Italian Count at the Clifton, Niagara. He is a waiter. The young ladies, admiring his dark hair and haughty mien, invariably whisper to their grumpy old paps, in the language of the Scotch ballad: "Fee him, father; fee him."

LIKE as a plank of drift wood
Tossed on the watery main
Another plank encounters,
Meets—touches—parts again;
So, tossed and drifting, ever
On life's unresting sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.
—*Sanscrit.*

AMONG the Sioux Indians a mother-in-law can be thrashed with a lodge-pole if she looks her son-in-law in the face for the first year of his marriage.—*Free Press.* As a logical conclusion, we presume she always takes him by his back hair when she per-Sioux him.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE society writer of the Peoria *Democrat* says of the distinguished custom of eating exclusively with the fork: "The fashion originated with hotel servants, because the scouring of knives in these caravansaries was the most serious job of the whole daily round of duties."

A NORRISTOWN gentleman who couldn't decide to which one of the leading American colleges to send his son, has now concluded to enter him in the one that made the poorest time at the recent boat races at Saratoga. He thinks there is more studying and less boat-racing in that institution.—*Norristown Herald.*

ONE of the youngsters who was fond of Bible stories swallowed a bottleful of paragoric because it was nice. They gave him a powerful emetic, and he thus described the sequel to his brother: "Budgie, I was a whay-al, a regular whay-al. I didn't fro up Jonah, but I frew up lots of over things."—*Cincinnati Times.*

X. IS entering his lodging in Paris and asks of the porter: "Anything for me to-day?" "Yes," replies the tyrant of the doorway; "some letters, but I don't know what is in them." Which reminds one of the other concierge who hands a lodger a postal card with an invitation to breakfast. The lodger is reading when the porter interrupts him kindly: "You have no time to waste," he cries; "he expects you at noon, sharp."

THE other day a man took home a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and, after reading them to his wife, he tenderly said: "Now, Angelina, you may imagine that you hear me kissing Madalina in the other room, and you see how wicked it would be to accuse me of such a thing." "Julius John," she replied in a smooth voice, "if ever I imagine such a thing, you'll need a doctor within fifteen minutes, and I'll send for him, no matter what the book says."

ABOUT an hour before a game of base ball is to come off on the cricket grounds the members of each club assemble at an appointed rendezvous. The Captain arrives, calls the roll, discovers that all are present, and then asks: "Secretary, did you order a gallon of arnica and some splints and plaster?" "I did," is the reply. "Treasurer, have you arranged with an undertaker to hold himself in readiness?" "I have." "Pitcher, did you secure a burial lot in Elmwood?" "I did." "Then let us march to the grounds and to a glorious victory or a noble death!" And they march.—*Free Press.*

"Old Pap's" Statue.

Officers of the army in Washington who served under Gen. Thomas are chagrined at the action of the committee appointed to select a site for the heroic equestrian statue of "Old Pap," which the Army of the Cumberland subscribed $30,000 to erect in some square in Washington. The committee consisted of Senator Morrill, of Vermont, Representative Holman, and the Secretary of War, and, as Congress appropriated $25,000 for a base for the statue, these gentlemen concluded to select Stanton Square, in the northeast corner of the city, an unfrequented and unknown locality, as though they were ashamed to have the statue in Washington. This brought out the following message to Senator Morrill, from one of the principal officers of the Army of the Cumberland: "If the committee find no fitter place than an obscure and distant spot for the site of the monument to one of the noblest soldiers of the republic, the Society of the Army of Cumberland will feel itself obliged to select one which will illustrate its respect for its dead comrade and hero."